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WINGS
AND
OTHER WAR RHYMES

ANTHONY EUWER

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Stone
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Now the most is the least that a chap
can do
When he knows that the girl that he loves
loves you -

Yes?

To
Olive Stone
with bullybest from
Ruby and Anthony Gaver.
New York
August the fifth - 1921.

WINGS

and

Other War Rhymes

WINGS

and

Other War Rhymes

By

ANTHONY EUWER

Author of

Rhymes of Our Valley, The Limeratomy,
Christopher Cricket on Cats.

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To
LUCILE NELSON

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Then Give Us Wings

IF wings will help our men to see
Some Boche's belching battery,
Releasing from a screen of trees
Its screeching death upon the breeze—
Or help our giant guns to search
With truer aim each hidden perch
Of Teuton guns, and make them meek
Ere they again may chance to speak—

If wings, O God, will do these things,
Then give us wings.

If great destroying wings might stay
Munitions on their hurried way,
Or hold a reinforcement back
By dropping ruin on its track,
Or yet set free the pent-up hell
Of depots filled with shot and shell,
Or swiftly give eternal sleep
To ships that prowl the nether deep—

If wings, O God, will do these things,
Then give us wings and still more wings.

If fast, avenging wings might cast
On German cities such a blast
Of desolating death and pain
As fell again and still again
On England's homes—and thus awake
The heart of pity—and so make
An end of killing mothers, wives,
And maiming helpless infant lives—

If wings, O God, will do these things,
Then give us wings and wings and wings
And still more wings.

If dauntless, daring wings that dash
O'er No-man's Land, with shot and crash
Might beat back wings that would assail
Advancing armies with their hail—
If dauntless wings like these that ride
O'er No-man's Land, might turn the tide
Of great offensives—bring about
Allied success and Teuton rout—

If wings, O God, will do these things,
Then give us wings and wings and wings,
Devouring wings that cleave and soar,
And yet more wings, and more and more.

If multitudes of wings might rise
To blind aggression's lustful eyes,
And render powerless each stroke
That seeks to force the tyrant's yoke—
If multitudes of wings might give
Democracy a chance to live,
And make this bloody carnage cease,
And bring to earth a lasting peace—

If wings, O God, will do these things,
Then give us wings and wings and wings,
And still more wings prepared to smite
Till Victory comes—the hosts of light
Beneath the sun, whose pinions shine
Beyond our farthest battle-line.

The Man We Want

WHAT ho! You men! A word with you—
Three minutes of your time will do—
About a loan. So please to stay
And when you've harkened, go your way.
Just what it's for—the crying need—
You know full well—aye, well indeed!
You've had for three years back and more
Your correspondence-school on war.
Well then—is it to plead or bribe—
Here is the bond—will you subscribe?

We want the man who's had to hump
And stint to save his little lump,
Who hopes to help but hasn't yet,
Well—he's one man we want to get.
The man with kit and dinner-pail,
The man in blue who totes the mail,
Conductor, motorman and clerk,
The man who knows the worth of work—
Come sign—you will not run amuck,
Your Uncle will not see you stuck,
If you go broke that bond will talk—
It's solid as Gibraltar's rock.

And you—good man of mod'rate means,
If you will dig down in your jeans,

For Liberty—pull one more trick
Until you feel it touch the quick—
And you—man schooled in big finance,
Come through once more—look not askance
Toward those investments that would bear
Much higher rates—but do your share.

We want the gold that came by sweat,
The easy gold we want—you bet,
We want the gold that's honest through—
And tainted gold—we want that too,
Perhaps — who knows — such ill-gained
pelf
May have a chance to square itself.
And when you loosen on your pile,
Remember this—for God's sake smile—
Or grin a bit—it's all the same
Just so you show the world you're game,
Because you'll need to—ten to one—
Before this Armageddon's done.

Hysteria and flashing splash—
They will not win—the final smash
Will come by holding on—jaws clenched—
A bull-dog tugging—though he's drenched
In blood—which means that there is some
Time yet ahead—with loans to come,
And lucky you who yet may live,
If all you have to do—is give!

Ships, Ships and More Ships

LONG the towns that flank the rivers
they are moulding guns and shells,
And the skies of night are lighted with a
host of flaming hells.
Down the rocky Cascade ranges they are
hewing mighty lanes,
And they're combing out the spruce-trees
for the bones of aeroplanes.
We've plowed and sown our prairies and
we've reaped the sheaves of gold,
We've garnered and we've husbanded our
grain in sacks untold.
We've gouged our earthen vitals out by
damp and dusky hole,
We've clawed and clutched and brought
to light our moiety of coal,
And the most of us have striven by what
means we've had at hand
To help the conservation of the food
throughout the land.

We've got our men in training and a lot of
them we've sent
And endless droves are coming still to fill
each cantonment.

Our mills alive with action are a-stepping
double-quick
To turn out duds for rookies and they're go-
ing to do the trick.
Our women-folk have given all their splen-
did energy,
To the bandage making business, for the
wounded o'er the sea.
We've braced our shoulders to the wheels
of our machine of war,
We've pushed along right lustily—but say!
We've reached the shore!
Beyond us is an ocean. It's mighty deep
and wide
And only ships will float our guns unto the
other side,
And only ships will take our men and only
ships will bear
Our Uncle's pile of luggage for the big
push over there,
As long as we're without them—though
we sweat and swear and pray,
We can take it out in whistling till our ships
have crossed the bay.

So fall to lads! Get busy—and whosoever's
fit
Will find a shipyard waiting for a lad to do
his bit—

Two hundred and yet fifty thousand men
to give a lift
For every day are needed eight hours to
each shift!
They want you, men! They want you!
For our freight—it's all a jam—
Don't you hear the husky calling? 'Tis
the voice of Uncle Sam!
He's callin' to employers and he's askin'
them each one
To lend him all the men he needs until the
task is done—

He's calling men who've got the skill to
come and show their stuff—
He's offered goodly wages and his word is
pledge enough!
For we all have been invited to a function
o'er the sea
By a War King called the Kaiser! and it's
signed R. S. V. P.
We've sent him our acceptance and we
want to go in state
And we've got to have the ships, my lads,
before it is too late.

Haig Holds the Line

"EXTRIE!" the newsies call—"Extrie!
Big German Drive in France! Extrie!
Ten Thousand Prisoners! Extrie!
All About the Big Hun Smash! Extrie!
Is that yer smallest, Boss? Extrie!
Chimmie! Change a buck! Extrie!"
Down ev'ry street with shrill-pitched key
And flying feet—we hear—"Extrie!
All about—Extrie!"
From Harlem to the Battery,
From London to the Zuyder Zee,
From Tokio to fair Dundee—
In divers tongues they cry "Extrie!"

The "Blood Bath"—such the name
They dubbed it—well, at last it came
With gas and flame. Then fell Bapaume,
They took Combles and crossed the Somme.
To Montdidier they drove their wedge
With Noyon on the southern edge.
For seven days the long front bent
Until it seemed their force was spent,
And on they surged across their dead—
Yet ever in the news we read
"Haig Holds the Line."

A million men and more they flung
Against a wall that swayed and swung—
Out-numbered—yes! But unafraid!
The earth rocked with their cannonade,
But oh the Hunnish blood that drained
With every shell-swept yard they gained.
In Berlin, banners waved that day
And bells rang out—but who can say
What depth of woe they knew who read
Those columns of the endless dead—
Who saw their wounded—mile on mile
Return—train after train—the while
Haig holds the line!

They strove for Paris and Calais,
They thought to scatter and dismay
Our hosts—to split the allied mass—
The answer came—"You shall not pass!"
From guns left by the Bolshevick,
From Austria's guns they had their pick.
Gods what a duel! A stadium
Where all the eager world had come
To see the beast recoiling there
In red defeat—while ev'rywhere
Haig holds the line!

Are You Americans?

ARE you Americans? Arise
Shake off your lethargy—get wise!
We're fighting Germans! Then give ear!
The Germans over there—and HERE!
And by that word I designate
Those who abjure our sovereign state—
Who in their hearts' allegiance stand
For Kaiserdom and Fatherland.
And so I say without amends—
I say we have no GERMAN friends.
The hyphen's past—you cast your lot
Beneath our flag—or you do not.

We're fighting Germans gun for gun
And blood for blood and son for son!
The Hell-hounds there across the seas
And here amongst us—if you please,
Those skulking Jackals in disguise—
Those Hun Hyenas—German Spies!
Those prowling Skunks—forever keen
To fling their venom—vent their spleen
By arson, bomb or any scheme
To bring about their Kaiser's dream.
Thank God we've got men who can play
The prowling game as well as they
And so hats off—hats off, I say
To the Secret Service, U. S. A.

And they are getting them—although
The papers don't print all they know—
There seems to be a notion that
Publicity might make the rat
More cautious. Well—perhaps they're right!
And yet—I somehow think the sight
Of German Spies a swinging there
In full view on the public square
Beneath a sign—"TAKE HEED AND LEARN!
TO ALL THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—

OUR GREETINGS! THESE MEN MET THEIR FATE
IN SEEKING TO ASSASINATE
OUR NATION'S LIFE!"
It seems to me
Somehow—if this were done—'twould be
So disconcerting to the gang
Who doubtless would not care to hang—
'Twould make them use such care that they
Would likely quit the Kaiser's pay,
And in the spy-trade, stocks would drop
To bed-rock with a sickening flop!
But what's the use—it can't be done,
I tell you and you can help—each one
Right here at home—and pull some stunt
To back your nation's solid front.

And when you hear sedition talked,
Or hear the Red Cross workers knocked,
Or hear the swinish Pacifist,
Or other isms down the list
Of soap-box creeds—the Anarchist—
Or Bolshevist—plain Trouble-ist—
Or I-double-you-double-ist—
Whoe'er he be—if his attack
In word or action would hold back
Our fighting forces—or yet seek
To make our nation's spirit weak—
Then brand him with the double cross,
E'en though that branding mean the loss
Of bosom friend. Then cry his name
Until that crying spell his shame—
Our path is strewn with many rocks
Without these useless stumbling blocks.

And when you meet the man who's heard
From sources higher up—some word—
Some dead-sure tip that any day
We may have peace—wake up I say!
Forget it friend and can your hope—
You're drinking Wilhelmstrasse dope—
'Tis pleasant stuff and often serves
To still the pulse and soothe the nerves!
A lullaby—the croon of which
Will leave you sleeping at the switch.

Remember this—our war-machine,
Our army, navy and marine—
Must wax and wane accordingly
As is the strength in you and me!
We'll have our peace—when we've seen through
The thing we started out to do,
And that will be in this great war,
When God sees fit and not before.

Fags

SAY—
Have you heard the call on the morning breeze
From our boys in Khaki across the seas,
"A fag if you please! A fag if your please!"
As he does his turn under the broiling sun
With his eye close trained on the steel-blue gun
Through the trench's wall with the dirt-filled bags—
And all that he asks is a pack of fags!
In the morning—fags—and a fag at night,
And a fag with rasher and candlelight—
With your coffee fags—and a fag with beans,
And a pack tucked tight in your bloomin' jeans!

There's a straight-laced species of hard-shelled folks
Who would show "thumbs down" on the call for smokes,
Who would tighten up on their fat purse-strings,
Though they'd dole the dollars for showier things!

Say—
Had your life been saved in a fire and you
Went to thank the chap who had seen you through,
Would you hesitate if the fireman's shirt
Were a trifle soiled or besmirched with dirt?
Would your hand hang limp when you saw him drain
Just a swig or two for his fevered brain?
Would your thanks stop short when you learned the fraud
Sought the Virgin's aid when he prayed to God?
He was good enough for a noble deed
But he differed some in his ways and creed.
Say—
Were you ever broke? Was it any joke
When you simply craved for a good old smoke?
If you think you can't see the day's work through
Without blowing smoke till the air is blue—
If you've got to puff just to lull your nerves
Though the humdrum jolts and the humdrum curves
Of your humdrum life with your humdrum ease—

What of the lads who have crossed the seas?
There is one thing sure—that no matter what
You may think you've done for the cause, you've got
To go some I guess in this bloody strife,
To approach the man who has staked his life.
Say—
Do you see him there where the dawn breaks red,
With the wild shells shrieking above his head,
As he crouching waits for the one command—
For the head-long rush into No-man's Land!
Well I think perhaps—as the moments lag,
There's a lucky chance that he'd want a fag!
Do you see him there with the bands blotched red
'Round a shattered limb? Well I've heard it said
That a wounded man as the long hours drag,
Doesn't mind the taste of a proffered fag!

Do you see his name on the honor-roll?
He was killed in action—he paid the toll!
Would it make you happier if you knew
That the lad—gone West—had his smokes
on you?

Then what is the most you'd hand a chap
Who's done what a man should do—
Who's taken his chance in the fields of
France—
Where he's doing his bit—for you!

Have You House-Cleaned Yet?

LAST night I spent at your behest
An evening in your home—your guest.
You cautioned me to have a care—
Some German-speaking friends were there—
Americans of course—although
'Twas natural they'd feel thus and so
About the war—I did my best
And held my tongue—I was your guest.
Our singing too—it struck me strange—
Was kept within a certain range.
It seems we skipped "My Country"—
You know—"Sweet Land of Liberty—
Of Thee"—we did not sing. Instead,
You turned the page to "Roses Red!"
And then that Pacifist! Long, lean—
An oldish chap—who graced the scene—
With oily speech and cod-fish eyes—
Who thought we still might compromise—
Who quoted Christ the truly meek—
And stuff about the other cheek!
Although my nerves grew quite unstrung,
I was your guest—I held my tongue.

But now Dear Madam—here today—
I'm not your guest—I'll have my say!
We'll cull the cotton from the flax
And get right down to plain brass tacks.
American—of course you are!
You've bought your bonds to push the war,
You've done your Red Cross work perhaps,
Sewed bandages for soldier chaps—
And yet—the issues of our State
And of our country's very fate
Are hushed forsooth—that there might be
No strain nor breach of courtesy
Beneath your roof. I ask of you
Where is your deference mostly due?
To alien folk who hold no part
In our great, throbbing, national heart?

And he—your babbling Pacifist—
Who quotes his Christ and dares insist
On respite from this war's alarms
By meekly laying down our arms!
Is that the Christ who put to rout
The money-changers—drove them out!
Would such a Christ condone, I say,
Such crimes as are abroad today?
Would such a Christ e'er countenance
Those beasts who raped and ravished
France?
Would such a Christ yield one small jot
To this man's peace-schemes? I think not!

Then Madam—would it no be fit
To have your house cleaned up a bit?
We are at war and want to see
The unconditional loyalty
Of every home. 'Twill not avail—
A courtesy of sliding scale.
Raise high the emblem of your land—
Let no man wonder where you stand.
Let none who cross your threshold, dare
To dim those stars—or make less fair
Those flaming stripes. That clarion call
Bids for no "bit"—it wants your all!
Your country's splendid womanhood
Has answered "Aye." Will YOU make
good?

Let It Wait

WHAT ho! Stop a moment—American Man!
Just what are you doing today?
You'll pardon my somewhat impertinent tone,
But then—well, we all have our way.
Are you working on something you could set aside—
On some sort of notion no doubt,
That you and your friends and the country at large
Could exist for a moment without?

Is there anything you could be doing just now
Before it's too hopelessly late—
Is there anything you could put off for a spell?
Well then—my good man—let it wait!
Let it wait!

Are you planning improvements—a sky-scraper, say—
That's going to take labor and steel—

Or investing the outlay your government needs,
Putting that—in an automobile?
Are your spare hours of energy going to waste?
Have you let all your talents be seen?
Have you looked for the hole where your screw will slide in
To the cogs of our national machine?

Man alive—ev'ry screw we must have—so come through
Before it's too hopelessly late—
Ev'ry screw is of use—if you've got an excuse—
Well then—put it by—let it wait!
Let it wait!

If your house were on fire—would you stop to play bridge?
Or hope—with a small china bowl—
To dash enough water to conquer the flames
And get the thing under control?
Well — the world is in flames — and it's working this way,
And the only back-fire that will tell,

Is the uttermost measure of blood and of
sweat—
For we're fighting the furies of Hell!
Is there gold you could lend—is there time
you could spend
Before it's too hopelessly late—
Then cut out your dreams and your little
pet schemes
And do—in God's name—let them wait!
Let them wait!

The Hands that Drive the Needles

OH the knitters—have you seen them?
Why they're knitting ev'rywhere,
Knitting helmets, sweaters, wristlets for the soldier-boys to wear,
And those who don't are learning how and those who won't I guess,
Will soon be driven to it from their very loneliness.
There's a mighty nation knitting ev'ry precious hour away—
A million homes a-knitting at the olive and the gray,
With a work-bag for equipment and a ball or two and skein
And a twitching pair of needles stitching endless chain on chain—
A-twitching and a-stitching while the wool in endless tons
Is a-twisted into comfys for the boys behind the guns.

Though I'm skittish on statistics I would venture there's enough
Of knitting done each day to yield sufficient woolen stuff

To make a sleeveless sweater and a helmet
to array
The statue of Old Liberty down there in
New York Bay—
Together with the wristlets and a couple
extra pairs
Of socks, though she'd not need them with
the drapery she wears.

Oh they're knitting on the mountains and
they're knitting on the plains,
They're knitting on the street-cars and
they're knitting on the trains,
They're knitting, knitting, knitting on a uni-
versal plan
From Dallas up to Bangor—from Atlanta
to Spokane.
They're knitting at the theatres and at the
movie shows,
At lectures and recitals—and I venture
there are those
Who go to bed a knitting till the shades
of dreamland creep,
When I s'pose they're just as likely to keep
knitting in their sleep.

And the pious and the worldly and the
almost half-way good—
They're knitting, knitting, knitting in a
common sister-hood.

And whether at a cabaret or at high mass—
it's one!
And they may talk who will—but say—
the knitting's being done.
And the helmets and the sweaters and the
wristlets—they don't care
Who knit 'em if they fit 'em when they git
'em over there!

Oh there's comedy in knitting if you choose
to have it so,
There may be petty vanities and there is
pain I know,
But it's love that drives the needles and
it's love that keeps alive
A nation's tireless interest in the everlasting
drive!
And the mothers of the nation—they are
knitting everywhere,
A weaving with their knitting each a silent,
fervent prayer
For a loved one in the trenches out upon
the bleak terrain,
In Flanders when it's freezing—or Flanders
swamped in rain.
A prayer that those soft woolen things will
keep her laddie warm,
That He—in some strange wondrous way
will shield her boy from harm.

"Oh Father God" that heart cries out—it rings through Heaven's Halls,
"Oh Father God who knowest when a little sparrow falls,
Oh Lord of Hosts and Battles—of Gentleness and Might,
Hear thou and harken to me now—be with our boy tonight.
Lord give him strength and hardihood through service to withstand
The driving cold—the long fatigue that duty may demand.
Wherever he is at this time, tell him—oh God above,
The message of a mother's heart—the yearning and the love.
And when the guns belch death along the reeking battle's rim,
Oh may no swift-borne messenger be there to challenge him.
Hear thou my plea—oh God, and hear all those who come to Thee—
Above all, Lord, the mothers—who have loved ones o'er the sea."

Oh who shall say the knitters have not done a noble thing—
That their knitting will not figure in the final reckoning,

When the battling, blood-soaked nations
shall their destinies fulfill,
And the Voice that stilled the tempest shall
again say, "Peace—be still!"
And the hands that drove the needles for
the boys beneath the sod
Shall be raised in supplication to the great,
white throne of God?
Will He not hear their pleading for a
peace that will be worth
All the lives that bled and suffered for a
weary world's re-birth?

De Profundis

AN ambulance crashed down the road
And halted with its shattered load,
From off the hooks they took them then—
Those racks that rocked the wrecks of men.
One's face was swathed in blood-soaked bands—
Quite still he lay—with pallid hands.
Quickly the bandage was unwound—
The scarlet rag dropped to the ground.
The young Field-Surgeon shook his head—
"Poor chap—he'd been far better dead—
It's tough—the way he'll have to grope—
He caught it in the periscope."

And this was over there in France—
The Surgeon and the ambulance
Are working yet—perhaps. The man
Is struggling with life's altered plan,
Learning with others how to grope
And shift without a periscope.

A simple word—five letters—B-L-I-N-D!
Yet can you grasp it in your mind
And read the truth—the truth exact—
The overwhelming, awful fact?

Just close your eyes and try to go
With hands out-stretched—quite helpless—
so!
You move—you touch a table here—
With what timidity and fear!
Five minutes try it—make it ten,
Then picture all those wretched men
And multiply the many fears
Of your brief moment—with their years.

You knew the darkness would all go
The moment that you willed it so.
Suppose that inky, velvet plane
Were always there? Again, again
You craved for one faint ray of light—
Your answer was—eternal night!
All those familiar forms you knew—
The flowers that danced—the sky's deep
blue—
The radiance of each fond face—
Eyes bright with love—must all give place
To pictured memories—the kind
They know who go forever blind.

Oh they've paid well—the men who gave
Their warm, white flesh and blood to save
Their ravished France—who strove to tell
Their love—by sacrifice. They have paid
well!

The hammer on the auction block
Of battle, rings. Gassed lungs and shock
And shattered limbs—such bids are dear!
But hold a space—the auctioneer
Awaits a greater sacrifice
For Liberty—two mortal eyes!

Oh comrade would you cast some spark
Of light in that eternal dark?
Help to instill some vital power
To battle with each endless hour?
Teach him to work—to know content
Who only knew discouragement?
Then give those fighting men of France
Who grope, some hope—some fighting chance.
Give well—let not your gifts be staid—
The helpers wait—they need your aid.
A voice from out the darkness cries
"What will YOU give? WE gave our EYES!"

A Definition of Sedition

WHEN William Jenkins comes to me
And in his ramblin' way—says he,
"D'ye know somehow it gets my goat
To see the way our nation's boat
Jest bumps around while bein' run
By them chaps down in Washington.
Now take some job that at a glance
Needs years of broad experience—
They saddle it on some poor boob
Whose head is like a hollow tube,
And 'fore you know—the cable's foul
And all the country's on a howl!
With woods chockful of expert gents
From Gen'rals to Ex-presidents
Who willingly would give a lift
But all that's left them is to shift
Around and agitate—or spout
To help the Red Cross workers out!"

When William Jenkins airs his views
On politics and war-zone news,
While droppin' in to have a bite,
I say—"Well Will—perhaps you're right!"

When Williams Jenkins comes to me
The followin' Friday and says he,
"Now look at them committees how
It's fume and fuss, discuss and row—
And all them bottoms to be made—
Why man! the way they've been delayed!
And why in Heaven's name don't they
Light on some dead-sure, certain way
Of squelchin' strikes—that's where we're
cursed,
Once get them fixed, we're through the
worst."

When William Jenkins takes a turn
Like this and lets his genius burn
While droppin' in to have a bite,
I say—"Well Will—perhaps you're right

And then again—perhaps you're not!
For how on earth do we know what
The cards are that are spread out there
Before the presidential chair?
Don't you suppose they've got to chew
A lot of grist that's kept from you?
A government most any dunce
Can run until he's tried it once!"
That's how I hand it out to Will
Sometimes—when he has said his fill.

But
When Heinrich Sneider comes to me
And in his loud-mouthed way—says he,
"Now when the Lusitania sank,
We only had ourselves to thank!
We have no cause as I can see,
To be at war with Germany.
Who's this war for—for me and you?
It's for the profiteer—that's who!
And what right has a nation got
To send its men out to be shot?
The President—why one good look
Would show him up to be a crook!"

Well!
If Heinrich Sneider got that far
With his prologue—the chances are
That I might say—"Perhaps, old chap,
You'd better close your lyin' trap
Right tight and now—or else by Heck,
I'll break your goldarned Teuton neck!"

The Vultures

OH what is war to a lot of folk?
Does it mean "I'll bear the heavy yoke
Of sacrifice and share the pain,
And though my soul break 'neath the strain,
I'll starve—if starving bring to me
And to my children—Liberty!"

Does it mean "Take me—and be my task
A big or little thing, I ask
But this—take me! If it should be
To die—yet still I ask—take me!
To plunge into that bloody Hell—
To wade through fire and gas and shell—
Is that my task—
Then still I ask—
Take me!"

Oh what is war to a lot of folk?
Does it spell these things with its heavy yoke?
It does not!

To some, alas, this war we're in
Is not a thing to fight and win—

It's just a signal to begin
To reach around and grab the tin—
To give as little—gain as much,
And fill a fist with every clutch.
"In war-times—why a man's a fool
To traffic by the golden rule.
The profiteer must have his fling
And while the stinging's good—I'll sting.
I'll fill my wallet till it's crammed,
And as for you—well you be damned!"

That's what war means to lots of folk—
A ghastly, grizzly, greedy joke!
By what name shall we call these things—
These human shapes with vultures' wings?
You can not tell him by his looks,
For honest faces cover crooks—
But whether he is one of those
Who loads the dice—he knows, he knows!

While through his veins the toxine flows—
The lust of pelf—the greed that grows
And ends in self. Perhaps his dice
Are pies—half-sized, but not the price.
Perchance he fattens up his roll
With slate and rubbish sold for coal.
Or else his lair's an office where
He sits ensconced on tilted chair

A-juggling through some shipping deal
That smacks of bolts and men and steel.
Mayhap the poison has encoiled
The soul of him who one time toiled
And gave his best—an artisan,
Now scheming with his slacker clan
To clutch his nation's wrist and hold
It till the palm gives up more gold.

Oh God! That cravens such as these
Are spawned by war's necessities!

The Cross of Red

Dedicated to the Oregon Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, Christmas, Nineteen-seventeen.

KNOW you the seal that's going 'round—
A cross of red on ermine ground?
A cross of red upon a tree—
The emblem of humanity.
You can't pass by that cross of red—
It waves you to a million dead,
Who wasting, wasting day by day,
Forlorn of hope, passed on their way.

It points you to a million gone
And hordes who still are tramping on,
Who follow ever, one and all,
The grinning piper's hollow call.
His face is cowled—while dread disease
Lurks in those folds that flaunts the breeze.
On swings the piper, piping free,
Wan souls into eternity.
Oh you who have that which would stay
The piper on his ruthless way,
Come buy our seals that we may give
A stricken brother chance to live.

Oh wait no longer—see the throng,
Way-weary souls who march along,
Who may not tarry down the track—
Then speed your gifts and bring them back.
But you have given of your store
Generously? Well then—give more.
The war you say—has burrowed deep,
These charities at home will keep.

From camp to camp, a tramping he
Pipes on with death-like minstrelsy,
And with his piping he will fare
Across the fields of Flanders there,
And through the chill and through the
damp
They'll join the throng with tramp, tramp,
tramp.
See how they're swinging into line—
Look closer there—your boy and mine.

Oh you who chance to read this rhyme
About a cross at Christmas time,
God grant you may be moved to feel
The meaning of that little seal
With mute appeal—may it awake
Man's big enobling heart to make
Some human gift that in His eyes
May prove a worthy sacrifice.

Number Three

ATTENTION there! Let trumpets
blare!
Thunder ye drums and boom!
Make way I say—make way today
For Liberty! Make room!

You've heard that war-cry twice before
And now you're hearing it once more!
There's much that sounds like old refrain?
You'll hear it still and still again!
You'll hear it cried aloud until
A Kaiser's will's reduced to nill!

For Liberty—another loan!
Mark how it rhymes with crimes unknown,
With widow's groan and orphan's moan,
With homes laid low—stone heaped on
stone,
With carrion and bleaching bone,
And — trusting God — with shattered
throne!

Tonight the lights along Broadway
Will blazon forth the cabaret
And song and dance will hold their sway
And wine will flow—to music gay

And merry as the month of May,
And gold unstinted there will pay
For each Alladin's feast! But stay,
Is there no jarring note that rings
Up through this din of carnal things
And brings us to a vantage where
We see that des'late world out there?

Another Loan! For Liberty!
Come then—your gold for number three.
You are not asked to GIVE—God grant
Your country is no mendicant!
You're LENDING it—to help set right
A world distraught—lending your mite!
Oh man at home—could you do less
To stem this tide of frightfulness?

Attention there! Let trumpets blare!
  Thunder ye drums and boom!
Make way I say—make way today
  For Liberty! Make room!

Lieutenant Lutie's Cootie

THERE'S a tale about a cootie—how he
did his little stunt
When he heard the call to duty on the
Flanders battle-front.
Not a beauty was this cootie—just a com-
mon little coot
Who had taken up his quarters on a rather
raw recruit,
In his boot—where the coot, so minute,
loved to root—
Till a Teut chanced to shoot the recruit—
laid him mute,
And the coot—so minute—absolutely min-
ute—
Had to scoot 'round and root for a suite in
some suit.
"Just to think," said the coot, "what a bum
piece of luck—
When you've got a good thing—then to
find that you're stuck!
To have thunk you were snug as a bug in
your bunk—
Then your home it is plugged with a slug—
Gee it's punk!"

Then it's up and it's out and it's chase
'round about
For a krinkle-rink-chink on a khaki-clad
scout.
"Oh it's worse than a curse," said the coot,
"it's a plague!"
And he hopped on the top of a Lieutenant's
leg,
And he didn't say "howdy" and he didn't
salute 'im,
For the gay little rowdy knew the Lieut
would root 'im.

Now Lieutenant Lewis Lutie, he had slewn
a slew of cooties—
Tutie-fruities, Cuties-cuties were the nick-
names of the beauties
That he clutched in fiendish passion till
their little souls would cash in,
While the whiz-bangs and the shrapnel o'er
the dug-outs went a-crashin.'
Oh the cooties Lutie smote and oh the way
they got his goat
As he punched 'em, claw'd and crunched
'em—'twas his only antidote,
For no potion, drug nor lotion pharmaceu-
tical could floor
Those progressive little parties on the cuti-
cle he wore.

While the cooties looted Lutie, he was waiting the command
To take the first-line trenches t'other side of No-man's Land.
Though bravely he dissembled, yet he trembled in each peg,
And the newly-quartered cootie caught the tremor in his leg.

"'Twill never do—this nervousness," the little cootie said,
"The way he's bobbing 'round I fear he'll surely loose his head!"
No sooner had he spoken thus, than suddenly there fell
Upon his ear the distant shriek of an approaching shell.
He heard the whiz—saw Lutie's phiz above the parapet—
"Oh Lord!" the cootie said, "that boob will surely get it yet!
Why don't he duck? Why won't he duck? If he should stop that shell
I'll have to up and move again—oh say, this life is Hell!
You must not sell yourself so cheap—Lieutenant Lewis Lutie,
I tell you this though I am but an uncouth little cootie.

Your country needs you—so do I—oh duck!
oh duck I say!"
And then that coot, he stuck his snoot in
Lutie's fleshly clay.

Lute gave a jook—he grabbed that coot—
he held the precious booty,
The shell whizzed by—Lute did not die—
the coot had done his duty.
"Alas!" said Lute, "you're so minute, your
chest would scarcely bear
Such fearful weight should I instate you
with the Croix de Guerre!
And since you are so wee, you see—my
mascot you shall be—
Nor ever scoot away, my coot, but root
your snoot in me."
Thus Lutie spake as he did take and stuck
him tenderly
Back on the spot where he was caught—
just underneath the knee.

He was a humble cootie but his courage
didn't lag
When he came to do his duty—for himself
and for his flag.

A Mother Speaks

I GIVE you my boy—I may do no less—
Flesh of my flesh I give.
I give you my boy with his fair young life,
I bid him go forth to the bloody strife,
My heart—it is torn with a two-edged knife
Life is so sweet to live.

I give you my boy—oh thou gracious Christ
Pardon these burning tears.
I give you my boy in his princely power,
My laddie—but come to his manhood's flower,
With love—with ideals of a golden hour
Greeting the dawn of years.

I give you my boy—will you give him back
Clean as the lad I knew
Or will he return—if this thing should be,
Coarse-fashioned and brutal—estranged from me,
Forgotten the dreams and the beast set free—
He whom I gave to you?

I give you my boy—should the reaper call
Truce on an alien sod,
My strength it will come for the great, dark
way,
But where is the strength that will ever
stay
That bitterest grief when men would slay
The soul that has walked with God?

He Struck

HE struck! So did ten thousand more—
Mechanics and the like—
Big burly chaps—machinists some—
They all walked out on strike.
He struck! So did ten thousand more—
Aye—more than that. They struck
Because their over-lord and they
Had come to grips—and stuck.

They struck because the ship-yard man
Refused to pay them more,
Though what they got was big compared
With what they drew before.
And so they packed their tool-chests up
And cursed their rotten luck
And marched back to their little homes—
The homes that had not struck.

And all that giant wicker-work
Upon the dry-docks there,
Was left about just where it stood—
Somewhat up in the air.
While Britain, France and Italy
Were holding Teutons back,
The ships of hope they waited for
Were hanging on the rack.

He struck—and loitered 'round the streets,
Discoursed with idle men,
Until the Union and the Ships
Could come to terms again.
The soup grew thin—so did the kids,
The bills kept coming in,
And she who bore the brunt just prayed
That work would soon begin.

He struck! His brother volunteered.
He entered for the strife—
Gave all his service and threw in
A big chance on his life.
He took his training—went across,
Was killed—shelled through the cheek.
The other brother's back to work—
They came to terms last week.

On Some Tomorrow

ON some tomorrow—when it comes—
How soon none may forsee,
There will be men and women met
In social company.

One man will wear an armless sleeve
And sitting near to him
A comrade blind—and still a third
With crutch and shattered limb.

There will be talk of field and trench,
Of battles in the air,
Of conflicts and of charges and—
Of men who are not there.

And others will be welcome to
That circle with the rest,
Who strove through those dark hours of trial
To live and give their best.

And those who heard and answered not—
  Who gave no jot away—
Will find but little interest in
  The talk of men that day.

On some tomorrow—when it comes—
  How soon—none may forsee,
There will be men and women met—
  What will your welcome be?

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